

20 CONTINUED:

20

MONK (cont'd)

I'm going to need another pen. This one is only half full.

The CONNECTING DOOR opens. DR. JONAH SORENSON appears. Middle-aged, distinguished, kindly. He is the perfect shrink. At the moment, Sorenson is standing in the doorway, half-hidden by the door frame.

START →

DR. SORENSON

Mr. Monk?

MONK

That's right.

DR. SORENSON

Jonah Sorenson.

(indicates Monk's clipboard)

Why don't we fill that out later? Come on in. I feel like I've known you for years. Dr. Kroger talks about you all the time.

Monk smiles. He likes this man. Then... Dr. Sorenson steps away from the doorframe, revealing: he's missing an arm. His left shirtsleeve is pinned up, close to his shoulder.

Monk reacts, stunned.

DR. SORENSON (cont'd)

Are you ready?

Monk nods, weakly... and follows Sorenson into the office.

21 INT. DR. SORENSON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

21

Moments later. In Sorenson's plush, beautifully-appointed office. Dr. Sorenson is behind his desk. Monk is seated.

DR. SORENSON

So. What do I call you?

Monk can't speak. He's distracted by the doctor's missing arm.

He nervously shifts in his chair and averts his eyes.

DR. SORENSON (cont'd)

How about Adrian?

"MONK" - DR. SORENSON

(CONTINUED)

1/4

21 CONTINUED:

21

MONK

Adrian's good.

Dr. Sorenson indicates a PATIENT FILE on his desk.

DR. SORENSON

Dr. Kroger sent me a copy of your file. It seems like you've made some excellent progress in the last year and a half.

Monk tenses. He knows his file contains Dr. Kroger's opinion: "No hope".

MONK

Is that what it says?

DR. SORENSON

Well, I've only had a chance to glance at it.

MONK

(bitterly)

Keep reading. Near the end, he's a little less optimistic.

Dr. Sorenson makes some notes. He casually uses his half-arm to hold down some paper.

DR. SORENSON

Dr. Kroger was a good man. I'm going to miss him.

Monk "nonchalantly" holds his hand up to his face, to hide the left side of Dr. Sorenson.

MONK

Yes. He was a good man. He was very... symmetrical.

DR. SORENSON

Symmetrical?

(nodding)

You mean "well-balanced". That's a nice way to put it.

Now, Monk is winking and rubbing one eye.

DR. SORENSON (cont'd)

Are you okay?

MONK

I'm fine. Just some... dust...

(CONTINUED)

2/4

21 CONTINUED: (2)

Sorenson

21

DR. SORENSON

(resuming)

I understand you two spent a lot of time talking about your late wife. Tell me about her.

MONK

Trudy. She was a beautiful, symmetrical woman.

Monk takes a COASTER from the desk. He nonchalantly holds it up, covering one eye, to obscure the left side of Dr. Sorenson.

DR. SORENSON

Anything else?

MONK

(from behind coaster)

No. Just beautiful. And symmetrical.

DR. SORENSON

And you have a brother. Ambrose.

(Monk nods)

And an assistant. Natalie Teeger. Tell me about her.

MONK

In a lot of ways, she reminds me of Trudy. She's also... quite...

DR. SORENSON

Symmetrical? Adrian, I get the sense you're not... entirely comfortable with my left arm.

MONK

No. No. No. Not at all.

(beat)

Where is it?

DR. SORENSON

I lost it in a boating accident two years ago. But now I look at it as a positive experience. It taught me about trauma. And loss. Things that, I know, you've been going through.

MONK

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

3/4

21 CONTINUED: (3)

Sorenson

21

DR. SORENSON

Can you handle it?

MONK

I'm sorry. It's not just you. It's everything. It's this office. I spent nine years in Dr. Kroger's office. I knew every book on every shelf. I knew every leaf on every plant. I knew every rock...

Monk stops. He remembers something.

DR. SORENSON

Are you okay?

MONK

I have to go.

DR. SORENSON

Now?

Monk rises, excitedly. He heads for the door.

MONK

Let's remember where we were. We'll pick it up next time.

(catching himself)

I mean, I'll pick it up.

(babbling)

Or you could pick it up... we'll both pick it up... we'll each take one end...

(then)

I don't want to talk about picking it up anymore.

// END

22 INT. DR. KROGER'S INNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON -- LATER

22

late. In Dr. Kroger's office. The CRIME SCENE TAPE and CSI MARKERS are still there.

Dr. Kroger is there, alone, putting some personal items into a box: BOOKS, PHOTOS, etc. Monk comes bursting in.

DR. KROGER

Oh no.

MONK

Dr. Kroger. Thank God. Your wife said you might be here...

(CONTINUED)

4/4